THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

Published by the WORKERS' SUFFRAGE FEDERATION

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EXECUTED: EAST LONDON BOY'S FATE

Two Jewish youths were our guides to a little house in a street out of Whitechapel Road.

A short, middle-aged man, humble and sad in manner, awaited us at the top of the stairs and silently motioned us to enter the front room. A woman lay on the bed, too miserable to care for life, turning her head from side to side in the restless way of one who is ill with grief.

The daughter and the father, with hushed voices, speaking now in English, now in Yiddish, told us the story, and the mother moaned and turned in her bed as though their words hurt her.

They brought out a pile of crumpled letters, dozens of letters, written mostly in pencil on small sheets of irregular size.

They were the letters of the only son of the house, who had joined the Army in September, 1914, aged 18 years and three months.

He had enlisted without his parents' knowledge or consent, and they were bowed down with sorrow, for to old-fashioned Jewish families it is an honour for a son to be a priest and a scholar—a disgrace for him to become a soldier. Almost every letter from the boy expressed regret for the grief and anxiety he had caused his parents and concern for their happiness. He wrote from Aldershot:

Dear Mother,—I arrived safe and everything is all right. I was very sorry to leave you, and very sorry to see you cry so much as you did, but never mind, I will come home one day, so be happy at home. Dear Mother, do not forget my 19th birthday, that is on Saturday, 1st of May. I want you to enjoy yourself on Saturday. Dear Mother, I did not like to leave you on Tuesday. I was very sorry to see you cry. Tell father and Kate to be happy. . . . . .

From your loving son, Asv.

Dear Mother, I would like your photo to hold on me.

GOING TO THE FRONT.

My Dear Mother, Father, and Kate,—I am going to the front to-day. We go to Folkestone, and from there on ship to France. As soon as I get there I will send you a letter. Dear Mother, I am very sorry I could not see you all before I go away, but be happy all the time I am out. If I have luck I will come home. Dear Mother, as I am writing this letter to you I am trying to be happy myself. Tell Nick I am going to the front. Give my best love to all the people in the street. Always think of me, Mother, and I will think of you, but don't cry, be happy. Good-bye, Father and Kate.—Your loving brother, Asv.

FROM FRANCE.

2nd July, 1915.

"Dear Mother,—I received your letter on Friday night. I have been in the trenches four times and came out safe. We are going in again this week. Dear Mother, we go in the trenches for six days and then we get relieved for six days' rest. We get 4s. 2d. every two weeks. When I get my money I buy bread and other things. It is very dear and the money does not last very long. I also buy some cigarettes. We had to be in trenches on Saturday and Sunday nights. It seems very funny to think that it is Sunday in the trenches. Dear Mother, I do not like the trenches. I think you know that I would like to ask you if you can send me some money to buy things if you can send it. You write you was nearly going mad. You know it takes two days to get to London, or more. . . ."

10th July, 1915.

. . . . You want to know why you don't get any money; it is because I never signed a paper saying that I want to allow you 6d. a day—it is too late now. . . . . Dear Mother, I know it is very hard for you to miss me from home, but still, never mind, be happy and don't cry. I think you know I am very sorry I done that, but if I have luck I will come home. How is father getting on? How is yourself? Do not be afraid to write to tell me how all of you are getting on. Dear Mother, when we came out of the trenches we stayed in the people's houses. When the parcel came and I opened it they cried and said: "What a good mother!" They looked at your photo. "Poor mother," they said. Dear Mother, you don't know how they like English people. What they have to eat they give you—don't matter how poor they are! . . . .

4th September, 1915.

. . . . I might be home for the Jewish holidays. . . . I have got a paper for the Chaplain to show the Captain.

12th September, 1915.

. . . . Yes, dear Mother, it is a very long time since we have seen each other. For the New Year I think you will go to the Synagogue and pray for me to see you very soon. . . . .

"Europe: Am I not sufficiently civilised yet!"
Louis Raemaekers.

In January the parents received a terrifying yellow document:

Infantry Record Office, Hounslow, 15/1/1916.

Sir,—I regret to inform you that a report has this day been received from the War Office to the effect that——— Regt. 11th Battn. Middlesex G.S. is ill at 38th Field Ambulance, France, suffering from wounds and shock (mine explosion).

A letter was also received from the wife of the commanding officer, who said that their son was wounded, and that she did not yet know whether he would be sent to an English hospital or kept in France.

The boy wrote:

1st January, 1915.

Dear Mother,—I am very sorry I did not write before now, but we were in the trenches on Christmas Day and we had a lot to do. Also I was taken ill and I was sent to the hospital. I am feeling a little better, so don't get upset; also don't send any letters to the company, because I won't get them. Also you cannot send any letters to the hospital, as I won't get them. Dear Mother, do not worry, I will be all right. Hoping all of you are getting on well. I was only hurt in the back. I will try to send you letters every few days if I can to let you know how I am getting on. We get plenty of food in the hospital. Dear Mother, I know it will break your heart this, but don't get upset about it. I will be all right, but I would very much like to see you, but I will try my best. . . ."

(Continued on page 466, column 3.)

"Patriotic" Contractors! Outrageous Sweating by the British Insulated and Helsby Company

By ALICE MACLENAN

At the Warrington Munitions Tribunal, on Monday, April 10th, leaving certificates were granted to ten women who had been employed by the British Insulated and Helsby Cables, Ltd., Prescot. The application was made by the Workers' Union on behalf of the workpeople.

Trouble arose in consequence of a petition to the Departmental Superintendent by some of the workers for higher wages on the ground that they could not live on the wages paid of 10s. to 12s. per week. On being approached to know whether the petition was receiving attention, the foreman told them that if they were not satisfied they could put on their clothes and go, which they did.

The firm did its best to punish the girls and to make examples of them by withholding their leaving certificates and thus keeping them unemployed. In cross-examination, the foreman admitted that he had compared them to a "lot of monkeys."

Comment on the above is needless. A firm that pays such low wages, and obviously forces women to live in a state of semi-starvation, is capable of reducing them to destitution in a petty spirit of revenge against them for having dared to ask for a sufficient wage to enable them to do more than just keep body and soul together.

The Tribunal is to be congratulated on the sense of justice shown in granting the certificates.

One of the applicants is a widow with two children to maintain, and had worked for the firm two years, running a twelve-headed machine. Her meagre wage had been supplemented by a brother who has recently been killed at the front. This is how so-called "patriotic" employers exploit the women and children dependent on those men who have gone out to defend—not their own land and capital, for the worker has none—but the property of the employing classes.

It will be interesting to readers of the Woman's Dreadnought to know the wages paid to a large number of women in this firm, and few will deny that such low wages in a controlled establishment are a scandal to the nation:—

Cotton Covering Department.—Women over 18 years of age, 9s. to 12s.

One girl employed for six years receives 10s. and another took home one week 11s. 1d. for 67½ hours.

A bonus of 2s. is given to those who produce over 90 miles of wire a week, but this is seldom earned.

Brass Shop.—Women, 12s. Men's wages for same work, 32s. Men take over the same machines at night as are worked by women in the day.

Hand-drilling Machines.—Women over 18, 7s. to 9s.

Stores Women are getting 12s. for work a man is paid at the rate of 24s. 6d.

Switch Cutters-out.—9s. to 11s.

Capstan Department.—13s. to 14s.

One girl took home 6s. 6d. after working a week on night shift.

Lead Room.—Women, 15s.

No women were employed in this department before the War, and men were paid 27s.

At the latter end of last year an application was sent by the Union to the Committee on Production for increases in wages for all employees at Helsby and Prescot, both men and women. After the arbitration took place, in due time the "award" was received, and to the indignation of the workpeople, it gave nothing, except double time for Christmas Day and Good Friday, which in no way affected the wages of the women employed. Minimum rates of pay had been established at an earlier period for all the employees at Helsby and Prescot, exclusive of the women employed at the latter, which at the time was impossible, owing to their then unorganised condition. Representatives of the Workers' Union therefore again approached the firm on behalf of these women alone, urging that they were the lowest paid workers, and therefore entitled to special consideration, as acknowledged by the Government at the Economy Conference. An interview with the manager, who contended that the firm pays the "market price," failed to bring about a satisfactory arrangement. The matter, therefore, has been referred once more to the Committee on Production.

The firm has stated that "girls show great eagerness" to enter its employ, and declares that it is paying them higher wages than ever before. If this statement is correct, it throws an astonishing light on the firm's past record!

The Helsby Cable Company reports an increase in profits and an increase in dividend during 1915, namely, £17,704 and 17½ per cent. respectively. The carry forward is £160,097, being more than double that of three years ago.

WORKERS' SUFFRAGE FEDERATION

Send an EASTER GIFT to the

"MOTHERS' ARMS" AND FOUR MOTHER AND INFANT WELFARE CENTRES

THE COST PRICE RESTAURANTS

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THE "WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT"

OUR MEETINGS AND PROPAGANDA FUND

GIVE or COLLECT What You Can!

Like a great cry these words to-day rise from the lips of the nations—"Never Again!" Never before certainly have such enormous masses of human beings been locked in deadly grip with each other over the earth, and never before, equally certainly, has their warfare been so horrible in its deliberate preparation, so hideous, so ghastly in its after effects, as to-day. The nations stand round paralyzed with disgust and despair, almost unable to articulate; and when they do find voice it is with the words above written. How are we to give effect to the cry? Must we not call upon the workers of all countries—those who are the least responsible for the inception of wars, and yet who suffer most by them, who bear the brunt of the wounds, the slaughter, the disease and the misery which are a necessary part of them—to rise up and forbid them for ever from the earth? Let us do so! For though few may follow and join with us to-day, yet to-morrow and every day in the future, and every year, as the mass-peoples come into their own, and to the knowledge of what they are and what they desire to be, those numbers will increase, till the cry itself is no longer a mere cry but an accomplished fact. It is a hopeful sign that not only among bewildered onlookers and outsiders but among the soldiers themselves (of the more civilised countries) this cry is being taken up. Who, indeed, should know better than they what they are talking about? The same words are on the lips at this moment of thousands of French and English and German soldiers, and in no faint-hearted or evasive sense, but with the conviction and indignation of experience. We may hope they will not be forgotten this time when the war is over. . . . I certainly would say—as indeed the peasant says in every land—"Let those who begin the quarrel do the fighting"; and let those who have to do the fighting and bear the brunt of it (including the women) decide whether there shall be fighting or not. To leave the dread abitrament of war in the hands of private groups and cliques who, for their own ends and interests, are willing to see the widespread slaughter of their fellow-countrymen and the ruin of innumerable homes is hateful beyond words.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

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Vol. III. No. 5 Sat., April 22nd, 1916

Bravely and willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service?

THE KEYSTONE OF LIBERTY

Why is coercionist terrorism, such as has not been seen in this country for many a generation abroad on the Clyde?

It is because the workers on the Clyde are ahead of those in other parts of the country in having taken practical steps to secure the nationalisation of industry, with control of the workshop by the workers whose lives are spent there; and because, also, the Clyde workers have realised, in fuller measure than the mass of workers have done hitherto, the need for solidarity amongst the men and the women workers, the skilled and the unskilled. That for which the Clyde workers are striving is the great principle of equal co-operation, which must and will come some day, to transform all industry, in order that the mass of the people may share the fruits of all labour and may be able to find joy in work.

The workers on the Clyde are endeavouring to carry the evolution of human society a long step forward. They are assailed with calumny and abuse and coerced by the Government, because firmly entrenched private interests are opposed to the nationalisation of industry, and these interests are vested in small-minded persons who, with eyes unopened to the great needs of collective human progress, jealously cling to their material wealth.

If the Government of the country were not overwhelmingly representative of Capitalistic interests, there would have been no industrial upheavals on the Clyde—the workers' proposals would have been agreed to as measures of justice, efficiency and common sense.

Or if, on the other hand, a formidable proportion of the workers throughout the country had been ready to grasp and act on the truth that is clear to the workers on the Clyde, the Government would either have obeyed the behests of the workers, or brought the war to an end.

It is because the capitalistic interests realise that, some day, the movement now seen on the Clyde will become universal and irresistible that the deportations have taken place, but the progress of humanity cannot be prevented, and some day the floodgates will be opened, perhaps sooner and wider than any of us dare to hope to-day.

Some day a revolt against the barbarisms of War and the bondage of our present system will begin to spread swiftly amongst the people. Then great changes will come, great strides in the march of progress will be taken, as has happened from time to time in history.

The great changes of the future will not be wrought by comfortably-placed humanitarian experts, though their good-will may go with those whose pressure will force changes on the world. The changes will come with the onward pressure of those who are the disinherited of to-day.

In the coming changes the world imperatively needs the contribution of those who almost always in the past have been left out of account—the women of the working class. Because the working-class woman has been almost voiceless, because she has been the over-burdened, ill-requited drudge, the greatest sufferer in times of hardship, the first to be pushed down beneath the poverty line—many cruel evils have persisted that must be swept away.

In the coming time of regeneration all the people, including the very poorest, must have put into their hands the vote—the constitutional weapon for redress of wrongs. When the time comes for changes in the franchise, the Workers' Suffrage Federation will stand out for a vote for every adult human being, for this is the reason for which it has been formed.

New members of the Federation are coming in fast, and branches are springing up in various parts of the country. But we wish to hasten the growth of our organisation, for no one can tell how soon the full force of its efforts may need to be put forth.

Do not imagine that the capitalists will allow the co-operative commonwealth to be established without a protest, for at every sign that the workers are waking from their apathy they are alert.

The constantly recurring talk of Cabinet crises, which may lead to a general election shows that upheavals in the political world, caused by those who condemn the workers when upheavals occur in industry, may not be far distant.

We have already seen in the last few years great political changes. How short a time it seems since the Conservative Party split on the question of Protection. The Tariff Reform orators were a by-word in many election contests. At first few people took them seriously. Yet in the House of Lords the other day the Marquess of Crewe, a Liberal Minister, practically promised the abandonment of Free Trade both during and after the War.

Three years ago none of us would have admitted the possibility of Conscription, yet to-day it is here, and the demand for universal compulsion is undoubtedly making headway.

Already the Anglo-Prussianists, who have brought these things upon us, have spoken of the franchise. They want a Service Franchise—what will that mean? Votes for soldiers and sailors on the face of it, and no loophole for the enfranchisement of women, the peaceful half of humanity. But perhaps there is even more behind. In Germany there is a three-class system of franchise. In Russia there are other restrictions.

Undoubtedly we must press on with the movement for human suffrage, in order that the keystone of all other liberties may be assured to every adult woman and man, lest worse befall.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

EASTER HOLIDAYS

OUR NEXT ISSUE WILL APPEAR ON MAY 6th.

PUBLIC MEETING

Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

TUESDAY, APRIL 25th at 8 p.m.

Speakers:

MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST
MRS. BOYCE, MR. ALEXANDER TAYLOR and Others.

Admission Free **Reserved Seats 1/- and 6d.**

FREE SPEECH

To the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*.

SIR,—Mr. Asquith says that the sword shall not be sheathed until Europe is free from the menace of Prussian militarism, and gives us to understand these words to mean that our main object in the War is to make it impossible for brute strength to dominate, or even to threaten to dominate Justice and Righteousness. "Prussian Militarism" has come to mean something wider than the tyranny of the Prussian Military Party over the rest of Germany, and the menace of Prussianism means more than the menace of the Prussian Army to the peace of Europe. Every army and every navy is a menace or a threat unless controlled by an enlightened democracy capable of realising the good that is in every nation, and willing to tolerate the ideals of humanity, though they run counter to the supposed interests of the nation.

What Englishmen must ask themselves to-day is whether they are worthy of the tribute paid to them by the Prime Minister when he announced to the world that England's aims (and therefore the aims of Englishmen) in the War were to support and uphold the ideals of Freedom and Civilisation against modern barbarians, and to vindicate before the world the rights of the weak against the oppression of the strong. The question is suggested by the demonstration which took place in Trafalgar Square to-day. The Workers' Suffrage Federation had intended to hold a demonstration to demand "Human Suffrage" (*i.e.*, a vote for every woman and man of full age), and to protest against the restrictions placed upon popular liberties under the Defence of the Realm Act, the Munitions Act, and the National Register Act, and the Military Service Act. This Federation is composed of women and men who subscribe to the demand for "Human Suffrage," and in its ranks are to be found large numbers of women and girls who are working in munition factories, and who hold that *now* is the time to urge their demand for a vote, seeing that the time will come when, owing to the stress of competition in all the ranks of industrial workers, they will need every protection, from the Trade Unions to the ballot, to protect themselves from sweating and other accompaniments of civilised industry.

But it is hardly necessary, in a paper like the *Manchester Guardian*, to show that the objects of the demonstration were sound, before claiming that the organisation had a right to hold it. Even after nearly two years of demoralising warfare we surely still adhere to the doctrine that minorities have a right to their opinions and a right to be heard. If we have given up this doctrine, then Mr. Asquith's speeches are just words, and our soldiers are the tools of hypocrisy.

When Liebknecht denounces his country's wrongs in the Reichstag, the English Press is overcome with admiration. Even the *Times* reproduces the speeches of this International Socialist with approval. But that is because Liebknecht denounces the evil near his own door, German capitalists, German concession mongers, German Prussians, and the operations and speculations of the Deutsche Bank. Should an English Liebknecht rise up and denounce English capitalists, English concession-mongers, English Prussians, and English speculators and financiers, the *Times* would at once demand his suppression, even as the German capitalist press demands the suppression of Liebknecht.

So it happens that several London newspapers merely hinted the lie (subsequently quietly withdrawn, but only after the hint had taken effect) that the Workers' Suffrage Federation was pro-German and financed with German gold. It was also hinted that the procession and meeting should be broken up. The procession was not broken up, however, which proves that the London people as a whole are not so bad as a part of the London Press. The procession passed in quite an orderly manner through all the main streets of London from the East End to the Square, but on reaching the Square it met the staunch opponents of Prussian militarism, who showed quite successfully how much they felt the oppression of the weak by the strong really affected *them*.

The procession was made up mostly of working women and girls from East London, many of whom have (some alas! *had*) brothers and fathers at the front. They were scoffed at and jeered at, and their banners were torn into shreds by other men in khaki—men who answered the call which reached them in New Zealand, Canada, Australia, and the ends of the earth, to defend Europe against the Huns. The spectacle of strong, robust, and well-fed men pushing and hustling pale, weak, sad, working girls and women because they demanded their rights was sickening in the extreme; and the halfpenny newspaper lie that the crowd was good-natured and that no physical harm was done or intended, cannot remove the indelible stain upon the characters of those who took part in the business.

In your columns you have already registered a protest against the deliberate and organised breaking-up of the meetings of the Society of Friends. I hope you will use your great influence in support of this protest against the suppression of free speech by what might be called "Press law." In this country it is usual to make much of the German censorship and the suppression of free speech in Germany. It is quite time that the genuine newspapers of the country openly dissociated themselves from these incitements to violence and Prussianism, and turned the searching light of truth and candour upon conditions in England. The people should be told that you cannot cast out evil with evil, and that he who would save others must himself first save.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

EDGAR LANSBURY.

Having lived long with Australian and New Zealand soldiers at Anzac, I know their value—their incredible courage, their endurance, their cheerfulness under extremities of hardship and peril. I have never been taken in by sloppy cant about "The Empire," but I admire these fellows very much, and I think the free and self-governing men and women who have helped to rear them must be worthy of honour.

So I ask you, as far as you can, to attribute this foul behaviour chiefly to their ignorance and to the "mob-spirit," which is so easily incited among loosely-disciplined and ill-informed people. The real criminals are in the editorial offices of our own "reptile press." There they lurk, always at a safe and comfortable distance from personal risk, but always ready to infect ignorant crowds with their own venomous hatred of everything that is noble, honourable, or beneficial to mankind. I enclose a guinea for Dr. Barbara Tchaykovsky towards the expenses of the meeting.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

National Liberal Club, April 15th.

"We seriously think that an effort should be made to instruct our martial visitors from overseas in the complexities of our domestic politics so that they will in future know a democratic organisation when they see one assembled for purposes of propaganda and demonstration."—*The Christian Commonwealth.*

The W.S.F. greatly needs some new banners, and we should be most grateful to any friends who would make them for us.

THE CHILDHOOD OF MAXIM GORKI

In wonderful, glowing language, and vivid stories that grow out of each other with inexhaustible wealth of incident, Maxim Gorki, the great Russian writer, has told the story of his childhood.

He was the only child of two young lovers who laughed very often, and in the evening sat by the window and sang. The faces of the people who looked up at them from the street seemed to his strange child fancy like dirty plates after dinner.

His father died of cholera. He remembers him lying on the floor in a darkened room with copper coins on his eyes. His mother, shaking with sobs, was combing his father's long soft hair. That night, in the same darkened room, his mother, attended by his grandmother, gave birth to another child.

His grandmother had newly come into his life. She was "a dark, tender, wonderfully interesting person." She "rolled in and out of the room like a large, black, soft ball." She had masses of blue-black hair, which she combed with an almost toothless comb. She was always kind to him, ever ready with songs and stories:

"using such peculiarly harmonious words that they took root in my memory like fragrant, bright, everlasting flowers. When she smiled the pupils of her dark, luscious eyes dilated and beamed with an inexpressible charm, and her strong white teeth gleamed cheerfully. Apart from her multitudinous wrinkles and her swarthy complexion, she had a youthful and brilliant appearance. What spoiled her was her bulbous nose, with its distended nostrils, and red lips, caused by her habit of taking snuff from her black snuff-box mounted with silver, and by her fondness for drink. Everything about her was dark, but within she was luminous with an inextinguishable, joyful and ardent flame, which revealed itself in her eyes. Although she was bent, almost hump-backed, in fact, she moved lightly and softly, for all the world like a huge cat, and was just as gentle as that caressing animal.

Until she came into my life I seemed to have been asleep, and hidden away in obscurity; but when she appeared she woke me and led me to the light of day. Connecting all my impression by a single thread, she wove them into a pattern of many colours, thus making herself my friend for life, the being nearest to my heart, the dearest and best known of all; while her disinterested love for all creation enriched me and built up the strength needful for a hard life."

His mother was a stern woman of few words; she seemed to him neat and glossy, almost savagely strong and removed from other people as though enveloped in a transparent cloud. She was beautiful, but he did not realise it then.

His grandmother took him to his father's funeral, and he was concerned for the frogs that hopped about at the bottom of the grave, and when the earth was thrown in upon them would never be able to get out any more.

A few days later the boy, with his mother, grandmother and baby brother, who died on the journey, took steamboat along the Volga for the grandmother's home at Nijni. From morning to night for many days they were on deck under a clear sky. The grandmother told tales, and the good-natured sailors gathered round to laugh with her and gave fruit to the boy.

At Nijni they were met by the grandfather, his sons, Michael and Jaakov, their six children, and Michael's wife, Natalia, who all lived in a squat one-storied house with an over-hanging roof, bow windows and cramped and gloomy rooms. The grandfather was a dyer, and the work was carried on in a half tumbled-down shed beside the house.

In this home angry people constantly strove together, "the children were subdued and neglected; beaten to earth like the dust by the rain." The brothers Jaakov and Michael fought with each other and shouted and snarled at their father. Jaakov had killed his wife, holding the counterpane over her head while he beat her to death. Michael often struck the meek Natalia, who died at last in childbirth.

But the grandfather was still the tyrant of the house. He was a little spare man, much shorter than the grandmother, with red-gold beard and hair, green eyes, a wizened face, and pointed nose. He had small hands, yellow stained, with crooked claw-like nails.

"Everything about him was trenchant and to the point. His heavy satin waistcoat embroidered with silk was old; his much-scrubbed shirt of coloured cotton was crumpled; great patches flaunted themselves on the knees of his trousers; and yet he seemed to be dressed with more cleanliness and more refinement than his sons, who wore false shirt fronts and silk neckties."

When he was angry he screamed in a voice like a crowing cock with deafening effect. He was a self-made man, the son of a poor widow. As a child he had towed a barge on the banks of the Volga, running with bare feet on the sharp stones till he had fallen exhausted, but he had worked so hard that at 22 he had become a master workman. He had started in the dye business with Gregory Ivanovitch, a tall, bald-headed, bearded man with coloured spectacles. The two men had started the business on equal terms, but the grandfather was determined to be the master. Gregory now lived in the house as the head workman; his sight was failing. The uncles played rude practical jokes upon him, painting his face with dye when he slept, and making red hot the tools that he used. When he grew blind later on he was turned out to beg his bread.

Grandfather frequently thrashed the children with canes, having them tied to a bench. For trying to dye one of the tablecloths he beat Maxim Gorki till he lost consciousness. This was the first time the boy had been struck; he hit back at the old man, pulled his beard, and bit his fingers. The child was ill for several days after, and for the first time a softer side of the grandfather's character was revealed. He came to Gorki's bed, kissed him and gave him a gingerbread goat and a horn of sugar, and sat on his bed telling him stories of the hardships of his own childhood. He told him that he must not mind being flogged by members of his family, but that he must not allow outsiders to touch him. The grandfather believed

MAXIM GORKI

beating to be a necessary part of a child's training. He said:

"I was flogged so cruelly that God himself might have shed tears to see it. And what was the result? I—an orphan, the son of a poor mother—have risen to my present position—the head of a guild and a master workman."

He had carried out this cruel doctrine in bringing up his own sons, and though they were now making his life well-nigh unbearable, he never appears to have doubted its virtue.

Another visitor to Gorki's bedside was Tsiganok, a lad of nineteen years, who had been found as a baby on the doorstep. The grandmother had adopted him in place of her children who had died. She had had eighteen children, and only three of them were alive.

"He used to appear in the evenings—square-built, broad-chested, curly-headed, dressed in his best clothes—a gold-embroidered shirt, plush breeches, boots squeaking like a harmonium. His hair was glossy, his squinting, merry eyes gleamed under his thick eyebrows, and his white teeth under the shadow of his young moustache."

He had put his hand in the way when the grandfather struck at Gorki, in the hope that the rod would break, and whilst the grandfather was looking for another the grandmother would take the child away and hide him. This he did at many beatings afterwards.

Tsiganok played with the children when grandfather was at vespers, harnessing cockroaches to a sledge cut out of paper, and teaching mice to walk on their hind legs. On holiday evenings, when the grandfather was away, the grandmother would prepare tea and vodka, neighbours would come, and Uncle Jaakov would play sad music on his guitar, while all sat spell-bound. Then they would call on Tsiganok, in his yellow blouse, to dance.

"The guitar jingled furiously, heels tapped spasmodically on the floor, plates and dishes rattled on the table and in the cupboard, while Tsiganok blazed amidst the kitchen lights, swooping like a kite, waving his arms like the sails of a windmill, and moving his feet so quickly that they seemed to be stationary; then he stooped to the floor and spun round and round like a golden swallow, the splendour of his silk blouse shedding an illumination all around, as it quivered and rippled, as if he were alight and floating in the air. He danced unweariedly, oblivious of everything, and seemed as though if the doors were to open he would have danced out, down the street, and through the town and away . . . beyond our ken. . . .

The people sitting at the table pawed at each other and from time to time shouted and yelled as if they were being roasted alive."

Once grandmother danced too, as though she were telling a story.

"Her figure seemed to become more elegant; she seemed to grow taller, and we could not tear our eyes away from her—so triumphantly beautiful and altogether charming did she appear in that moment of marvellous rejuvenation."

A woman burst into song as the grandmother danced. Tsiganok said: "If only I had a voice—Lord! how I should sing." "Singers and dancers are the greatest people in the world," a woman said. Uncle Jaakov embraced Tsiganok because of his dancing, the grandmother sighed: "How good everything is." The emotions of all were deeply stirred. Strange people, so intensely responsive to beauty of sound, thought, or motion, and yet so violent and brutal in their passions.

Tsiganok was a good workman. The uncles were jealous of him. Uncle Jaakov had bought a heavy wooden cross and had vowed to carry it on his shoulders to his wife's grave on the anniversary of her death. But it was on Tsiganok's back that the two brothers laid the centre beam of the cross when the day came, whilst they bore up the arms. In a short time Tsiganok was brought back dying. The brothers said that he stumbled and the cross fell on him. The others, even grandmother, accused them of having wilfully caused his death. They made no denial. The grandfather wept and wailed:

"Rotten reins are good enough for a stranger's horse."

The uncles, Jaakov and Michael, were determined that the grandfather should give them their share of the family property and also the dowry of Varvara, Gorki's mother, which had been kept from her because she had married without the grandfather's consent. Several times Michael attacked the grandparent's house, coming with other drunken associates, hurling bricks through the windows, and breaking down the fence. Grandfather, with neighbours and tenants, easily repelled him. The grandmother feared both for her husband and her son. Once Michael began to break in the door of the vestibule. The grandfather and others were waiting for him with clubs. Waving her hand through the window, grandmother called to him to beware, but he struck her hand with a stake, injuring her so that a bone-setter had to be sent for. After this the partition of goods was agreed to.

The grandfather and grandmother and Maxim Gorki moved into a house over a tavern. All the neighbours came to the grandmother for advice. She was nurse, midwife, peacemaker in family quarrels, the most popular story teller, and always ready with information on household matters.

When the dye shop had been on fire, the grandmother alone had kept calm. She had rushed into the flames and brought out the vitriol to prevent an explosion, and though she had been burnt, she had directed the others and taken the lead in saving the horse and preventing the fire from spreading. The grandfather had momentarily recognised her worth. He said to her: "Sometimes God is pleased to endue you with great good sense."

To Gorki he said:

"You saw how grandmother behaved, didn't you. And that is an old woman, mind you!—crushed and breaking up."

Yet he would beat her and knock her down when he was angry. One Easter day he beat her from dinner-time till bedtime, and she said of the incident:

"He is my husband, he has to answer for me to God; but my duty is to suffer patiently."

It seemed to Maxim Gorki's childish mind that his grandparents both worshipped different gods. In church he thought the priest recited to grandfather's God, who sought always to chastise, whilst the choir sang to grandmother's God, the Dear Friend of all creation. Grandfather prayed to his God each morning standing in stiff soldierly fashion, always in the same prescribed words, not adding one little word from his own heart.

Grandmother's prayers were ever changing. "Source of Joy! Stainless Beauty! Apple tree in bloom!" Every day new words of praise sprang to her lips. Her prayers refreshed her, smoothing the lines of care from her face, and making her seem young. She told her God all the troubles of her life. When Gorki asked her to tell him about God, she said:

"God's seat is on the hills, amidst the meadows of Paradise; it is an altar of sapphires under silver linden trees which flower all the year round, for in Paradise there is no winter, nor even autumn, and the flowers never wither, for joy is the divine flavour. And round about God many angels fly like flakes of snow; and it may be that even bees hum there and white doves fly between heaven and earth, telling God all about us and everybody."

The grandfather sold the house over the tavern and bought another, in which there were many lodgers. One of these was a revolutionary who was always making chemical experiments. He and Gorki became great friends, and the boy learnt from him much that was good, but the others in the house were afraid of him, and he was told to go. A drayman, named Uncle Peter, lived in the stable with his nephew, who was supposed to be a deaf mute. They were thieves who robbed churches, and when this was discovered Uncle Peter cut his throat out in the snow.

Gorki's mother had left the house a long time before, and only returned occasionally, but one day she came back unexpectedly to live with her parents. She soon became very discontented. The grandfather tried to force her to marry a one-eyed clock-maker. There was much quarrelling over the matter, but at last Varvara asserted herself and became the mistress of the house. Then grandfather brought out beautiful dresses from his trunk for Gorki's mother, and many guests were asked to the house, amongst them the brothers Peter and Eugen Maximov.

Maxim Gorki got small-pox, and, becoming delirious, threw himself out of the window, and lost the use of his legs for three months. He rarely saw his mother during his illness. His grandmother nursed him and told him stories as before; but she had taken to drink, and had always a white teapot of vodka with her, which she hid under the bed lest the grandfather should see it. One day the grandmother told him that the grandfather was absolutely ruined, having lent a large sum of money to a man who had gone bankrupt.

Soon after this the use of Maxim Gorki's limbs suddenly returned. He crawled downstairs and found that a party of guests had assembled to witness the betrothal of his mother to Eugen Maximov. The boy was introduced to another grandmother, whom he hated.

"A dried up old woman . . . green all over: her dress, and hat, and her face, which had warts under her eyes: even the tufts of hair on the warts were like grass. Letting her lower lip droop she raised the upper one and looked at me with her green teeth, covering her eyes with a black thread mitten."

At dinner, at evening tea, and supper the old green woman often appeared, just like a rotten paling in an old fence. The eyes seemed to be sewn on her face with invisible threads, and looked as if they would easily roll out of their bony sockets . . . and the green hair on her warts went up and down as if they were creeping."

The boy became sullen and estranged from all the people in the house, holding aloof even from his grandmother, and worked alone in the garden. He was rude to the Maximovs and played tricks on them, but his mother cried and told him he made her miserable. She told him that when she was married he should go to a grammar school and be a surveyor like his stepfather. He longed to beg his mother not to marry and to tell her that he would work for her.

After the marriage the grandfather sold the house for his daughter's dowry, and then moved into two small rooms in a basement, where Varvara returned with her husband, penniless. He had lost all that he had at cards. She was pale and thin and shabby, and stared at her parents and son as though they were strangers.

Eugen Maximov got work at a factory, and lived with his wife and Gorki and the grandmother close by.

"By standing on a stool one could see through the top window-pane, across the roof, the gate of the factory lit up by lanterns, half open, like the black, toothless mouth of an old beggar, and a crowd of little people crawling into it. At noon the black lips of the gate again opened and disgorged its chewed-up people who flowed along the street in a black stream till a rough, snowy wind came flying along and drove them into their houses."

Gorki's mother was ill, she and her husband quarrelled, and she often beat her son with a strap. Then a child was born. Eugen Maximov was dismissed for pilfering from the workmen, and then got work at a booking office.

Gorki lived for a time with his mother and little baby brother in the basement of a storehouse. He went to school in his mother's shoes, with a coat made out of a bodice of his grandmother's. They were in great poverty. The baby brother was very weakly, and died unexpectedly. The mother was again pregnant. One day Gorki heard his mother's voice raised in distress, and came in to find her on her knees with his stepfather, in a new overcoat, kicking her in the breast. He seized a knife and tried to stab him, but his mother knocked the blow aside.

The grandfather had now told the grandmother that she must work for her own keep. And she had assented cheerfully. When she was a girl she had supported herself and her mother by lace-making, and now she had returned to her old trade. Grandfather had divided what remained of the property, giving grandmother the pots and pans, and keeping the rest for himself. He had sold the grandmother's clothes for seven hundred roubles, and put the money out at interest. He had begged from his friends, saying that his children had ruined him. The expenses of the house were divided; one day the food was provided by the grandfather, the next day by the grandmother; but whilst the grandmother provided good meat, the grandfather bought lights and scraps. Maxim Gorki lived with his grandparents for a time, and with a band of boy companions made a little money by picking up rags and bones, nails and bits of wood.

His stepfather was again dismissed for getting into debt, and disappeared, and his mother, with another baby, came back to her father. The grandmother went to stitch shrouds at the house of a rich merchant, and the boy stayed at home to act as nurse.

The mother died, and a few days after her funeral the grandfather said:

"You must not hang round my neck. There is no room for you here. You will have to go out into the world."

It is a terrible, tragic story, but even as a child Gorki had within him not only the capacity for intense suffering, but the artist's power to discover and delight in beauty, and the reformer's belief in the upward evolution of humankind. As he sat in the midst of rotting rubbish in the yard at the rear of the slaughter house, distressed by the cries of sheep and calves and the heavy smell of blood, minding his scrofulous little brother who was covered with painful ulcers and too weak to cry, he yet remembered that the baby's eyes were lovely, and that his smile was sweet and wise. He says:

"In this amazing life of ours not only does the animal side of our nature flourish and grow fat, but with this animalism there has grown up triumphant, in spite of it, bright, healthy, and creative—a type of humanity which inspires us to look forward to our regeneration, to the time when we shall all live peacefully and humanely."

Of that type is Maxim Gorki.

E.S.P.

EXECUTED

(Continued from front page.)

6th January, 1916.

. . . . I have been in hospital for nine days, lying in bed all the time, and now I have a sore heel. . . . I had it cut to-day and it is getting on better. . . .

There were many other letters from hospital.

20th January, 1916.

Dear Mother,—I am quite well, and I came out of Hospital on Wednesday (19th).

24th January, 1916.

. . . . Dear Mother, you don't know how I was longing for a letter from you! I would like to know what the War Office said was the matter with me.

26th January, 1916.

. . . . I am sending this photo of one of the officers who was killed. . . . He was very good to us. . . . Please frame it for a keepsake. . . . . .

TROUBLE.

Then came a letter dated February 23rd, 1916, which told, quite simply, that the boy was in trouble:—

Dear Mother,—I have sent you a letter that I have received the parcel. I am well, hoping all of you are quite well.

Dear Mother, we were in the trenches, and I was ill, so I went out and they took me to the prison, and I am in a bit of trouble now and won't get any money for a long time. I will have to go in front of a Court. I will try my best to get out of it, so don't worry. But, dear Mother, try to send some money, not very much, but try your best. I will let you know in my next how I got on. Give my best love to Mother, Father, and Kate.

Answer. *From your loving son,* ABY.

There were no more letters till April. Then came the following curt official notice:—

Sir,—I am directed to inform you that a report has been received from the War Office to the effect that No.—Private ——, 11th Battalion Middlesex Regiment, G.S., was sentenced after trial by Court Martial to suffer death by being shot "for Desertion," and the sentence was duly executed on 20th March, 1916.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,
P. G. HENDLEY,
2nd-Lieut.-Colonel. I.C. Infantry Records.

Hounslow, 8th April, 1916.

Thus, after ten months in the trenches, this lad was injured in a mine explosion and taken to hospital suffering from shock and wounds at the end of December. He was released on January 19th, and in the middle of February became ill and left the trenches. For this he was shot by order of court-martial.

The suffragettes who were imprisoned in their struggle for the vote threw a new light on prison conditions, which has caused a widespread movement for prison reform in many countries. The conscientious objectors, in their fight for peace and liberty of conscience, will direct the attention of civilised peoples to the inner workings of the military machine, and will put an end to the possibility of such tragedies as this.

The placard Mrs. Clara Cole was prosecuted for carrying bore the words: "We protest against men being forced to kill," "Men and women of England, arbitration finally settles all wars. If at the end of a war why not at the beginning? If not at the beginning, why not now? Demand terms of settlement from our Government, as the German people are doing."

A DIARY OF COERCION

An April 12th, John Maclean, the Glasgow school teacher who was dismissed by the Govan School Board because of his opposition to the War, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude under the Defence of the Realm Act for making statements alleged to be prejudicial to recruiting. There were six counts in the indictment, and the jury were of opinion that four of them had been proved. The statement from one of his speeches complained of in the first count covered all the points in the others. It was that he had said:

Conscription was not required in this War, and that there were plenty of soldiers and plenty of munitions, but conscription would be used after this War to get cheaper labour, and if any workers went on strike they would be called up as conscripts and sent back to their work as soldiers, as was the case in the French railway strike some years ago. That if Government were to enforce the Military Service and Munitions Acts the Clyde workers should down tools, but do it discreetly. That if the British soldiers in all parts would lay down their arms you (the accused) were certain that the Germans and the soldiers of all other nations who were fighting would also lay down their arms as they were all tired of the War long ago.

Mr. Maclean disputed the accuracy of the extract and denied that he had advised the workers either to "down tools" or to use guns. But taking the words as they stand, it is an extraordinary thing that anyone should be sent to prison—even for three *hours*—for uttering them in Great Britain. The three years' sentence is an outrage which those who have sanctioned it will live to regret. At the close of the trial sympathisers in the gallery sang the Red Flag, and four of them were detained by the police!

* * * * *

TARDY INJUSTICE!

Walter Bell, manager of the Socialist Labour Press, Glasgow, and William Gallacher, Chairman of the Clyde Workers' Committee, and John Muir, Editor of the *Worker*, were convicted on Thursday last of being concerned in the publication of a seditious article entitled, "Should Workers Arm?" Gallacher and Muir were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and Bell to three months.

The article stated, as readers of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT may remember, that the internal clash of armed forces should be avoided in this country, if possible, and that it is best for the workers to resort to industrial organisation; in fact that the workers should not arm.

Is that sedition? Can the Judge have read the article?

* * * * *

April 14th.—On the posters and front page of the *Daily Sketch* appeared photographs of Mr. Eric Chappelow shoeless and clad in a blanket fastened round him with a leather belt, by which his arms were strapped tightly to his sides. The yard was open to the gaze of every passer-by. Mr. Chappelow was given absolute exemption by the Barnes Local Tribunal, but the military representative appealed to the Surrey and Croydon Appeal Tribunal, where the local tribunal's decision was overruled. The case was taken to Court, but Justices Ridley, Bray, and Avory upheld the Appeal Tribunal's decision.

Mr. Chappelow wrote to the military authorities in regard to his case, whereupon a policeman called on him and asked him to go with him to the authorities to discuss the letter. Mr. Chappelow agreed, and was immediately placed under arrest. His request for leave to go home to bid goodbye to his mother, who is seriously ill, was refused.

* * * * *

April 14th.—Mr. Guy Aldred, Editor of *The Spur* (we have understood, by the way, that editors are exempt) was charged under the Military Service Act. He said that he is married "under Scots law."

Whether Mr. Aldred is, or is not, legally married according to the law of this country does not appear to us to be material. The position is that he has a wife of eight years' standing and the Government, by agreeing to make separation allowance to unmarried wives and their children on the same basis as though a legal marriage had been contracted has recognised the fact that it is the relationship that should govern this question, not the legal formalities.

* * * * *

HENRY SARA.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am now in receipt of two letters from the above conscript-against-conscience. He wrote them secretly and a sympathiser in camp posted them on his behalf. The first is dated from Hurdcott Camp, Friday, April 7th, and the second from Parkhurst Barracks, Monday morning, April 10th. I am compiling from their contents a careful statement of Sara's treatment according to his own testimony since he was handed over to the Military Authorities on Wednesday, April 5th last.

At the White City, Sara was passed as medically fit for the army, though his eyesight is known to be wrong. He was taken to the Harrow Road Barracks of the 3rd London Regiment. Here he refused to put on uniform. Those around him said he ought to be dressed and put into line. About a dozen men tore off his clothes and forced khaki on him, after twisting his arms and punishing his face. He refused to obey orders in line, despite the kicking. The Captain rang up the War Office, as he was undecided what to do. He seemed to think that Sara was genuine, but apologised that he had to obey orders. Sara was conveyed to Hurdcott Camp Thursday evening. On the Friday morning he refused to "form fours" on parade and was taken before the Colonel, who asked him if he (Sara) thought that he was God Almighty. He asked Sara this question twice, and told him to choose either to take things quietly or—Hell. Sara said he would stand by his opinions. He was sentenced 28 days' imprisonment in Parkhurst Gaol, Isle-of-Wight, and was placed in the Detention Room until Monday morning, April 10th, when he was conveyed to Parkhurst. At Parkhurst Barracks, I understand, a gun was carried down for Sara but he refused to touch it. He is told that at the gaol they can break in lions let alone men. Also, if, when his sentence expires, which will be on May 4th, he still refuses to handle the gun, they may put him, handcuffed hands above his head and feet fastened to the floor, in a cage until he gives way. Sara has been offered N.C.C. or a job at the Rifle Depôt, but has refused both offers, as his stand is against all war. 6504 is his army number. Yours sincerely, GUY ALDRED,

* * * * Editor *The Spur*.

April 18th.—Mr. Scott Duckers was fined 40s. and costs for failing to report himself under the Military Service Act.

Mr. Bracher, Mr. and Mrs. Schone, Mr. Evans, and Mr. C. H. Norman, who were present at the trial, were arrested.

PARLIAMENT
AS WE SEE IT.

April 11th.—Colonel Yates referred to the fact that the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, which is, of course, composed of Anglo-Indians, is demanding conscription for Europeans in India. He tried, without success, to secure a pronouncement from the Government in support of the project.

* * * *

In reply to Mr. Ginnell, the Chief Secretary for Ireland admitted that two persons named Chavasse and O'Conaire had been prosecuted because they had refused to give in English certain information required by the police, but had done so in Irish. "This," said Mr. Birrell, "constituted an offence under the Defence of the Realm Regulations."

It may be stupid of people to answer in Irish when they are able to speak English, but why not get an interpreter?

The fact that people have been imprisoned for so frivolous a cause is a proof of the bitterness which has been engendered by the long struggle to impose an alien government upon the Irish people; it is also a proof of the steady growth of the coercion which has taken place during the War. We believe that in 1913 Mr. Birrell would not have countenanced such a stupid piece of tyranny.

* * *

Sir William Byles asked whether anything could be done to check the outrageous treatment and unseemly language often used to conscientious objectors by the tribunals.

Mr. Hayes Fisher made an evasive reply.

* * *

Mr. Snowden drew attention to the fact that Magistrates are refusing requests for a remand by or on behalf of men arrested as absentees under the Military Service Act, 1916, who have been arrested and brought before the Courts.

Mr. Herbert Samuel replied that the Magistrates had the power to decide whether remands "were desirable in the interests of justice."

Our experience shows us that very little has been or is being done in the "interests of justice" in cases of this kind.

* * *

With reference to Sanatoria for tuberculous soldiers, Mr. Montagu stated that no special addition to the funds of the Statutory Committee for this purpose is contemplated, as it is estimated that the "number" of cases will be small.

It is known that already the number of these cases is very large. The funds at the disposal of the Statutory Committee are far too inadequate to cover the cost of sanatorium treatment, or even ordinary cases of hardship, so we conclude that soldiers will be left to recover the best way they can. This is what they call gratitude to the defenders of the Empire.

* * *

Mr. Cathcart Wason referred to the twelve-hour shift for women munitioneers at Vickers in Erith as most injurious to their health.

Dr. Addison evaded this point by saying that he did not say they worked "twelve hours on end." What, then, does a twelve-hour shift mean?

* * *

The name of the mysterious squire's daughter who was spirited away under the Defence of the Realm Act was betrayed by Mr. Ginnell's question: "Where is Miss Hilda Howsin now interned?"

Mr. Samuel replied at Aylesbury, where she is allowed to receive visits.

* * *

April 12th.—Mr. Ginnell revealed the fact that the prosecution of Mr. O'Conaire for replying in Irish to the police when asked to state facts, had been abandoned after he had been kept a week in Derry Gaol.

Cases like this must make observers smile when they hear the charges of tyranny brought against the Germans for forcing their language on the Poles! Whose example are they following? Even after nine centuries Great Britain has not realised the crime of trying to kill a nation and its language!

* * *

Mr. Snowden put the question as to where men refused exemption by the tribunals, but who will not do any sort of military service are to apply for work.

Mr. Long stated that he regarded such men as under the Military Service Act, and therefore enlisted and members of the Army Reserve!

* * *

According to Mr. Forster, 17,531 persons are employed in the War Office, 45 per cent. of whom are women.

Is this not another proof of the appalling extravagance of the military system?

* * *

Mr. McKenna again refused Lord H. Cavendish Bentinck's appeal for "a small war bonus" for old-age pensioners entirely dependent on the State pension.

No self-respecting country should act with this scandalous meanness towards its aged citizens.

* * *

Mr. Hugh Law raised the question of certain women in a fuse-filling factory whose weekly wage was reduced by 1s. 5d. each.

Dr. Addison explained this by saying that for some hours the women had been prevented from working on March 31st by an air-raid. Their wages during this time were reduced to the rate of 15s. a week. Why should the wages be docked during the time that the workers are forced to remain beside their machines under conditions of special danger? In justice, their wages should be raised rather than lowered!

* * *

When the cinema tax was being considered in Committee, Mr. McKenna stated that the bulk of the revenue would come from the tickets costing less than 6d., in other words, from the pockets of the poor.

When will the people see that under this capitalist Government *they* always pay?

* * *

April 13th.—The case of the women munitioneers at Erith was again raised by Mr. King. Dr. Addison stated that he was quite prepared to call for a reversion to the previous system of 8-hour shifts.

Then all we want to know is why should the change have been made? Is it that the rates of pay were so low that some of the women found they could not exist without working 12 hours a day?

* * *

In reply to Mr. Barnes, Dr. Addison said that he did not think it desirable to take any steps towards allowing the deported workers of the Clyde to return to their homes.

On April 14th, Mr. Long received a deputation from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, and promised to give effect to the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases that a comprehensive scheme of free diagnosis and treatment in general hospitals should be organised by local authorities and subsidised as to 75 per cent. of the cost by the Imperial Exchequer.

We approve of this as being a step in the right direction.

NEUTRAL NATIONS & MEDIATION
By CHRYSTAL MACMILLAN.

Nearly a year has passed since, with a view to establishing a peace based on justice, the International Congress of Women at the Hague advocated the calling of a conference of neutral nations which should offer continuous mediation to the belligerents, and make, to each of them simultaneously, reasonable proposals as a basis of peace. As the appeal was addressed to the neutral nations in whose power it was to call such a conference, it has not been possible for the Women's International League (the British Branch of the International Committee of Women for Permanent Peace set up at that International Congress) to bring pressure on neutral governments. At its Council Meeting held in London last week, however, the W.I.L. recognised the splendid work of the people in the neutral countries by passing the following resolution:

"The W.I.L. expresses its appreciation of the valuable work done by the people of the neutral countries who have urged their governments to form a conference of neutral nations to offer continuous mediation to the belligerents, and pledges itself to do all in its power to support these efforts."

The following facts give some idea of the work of the neutral peoples.

On June 27th of last year the Swedish women organised a remarkable Peace Demonstration, with meetings in more than 400 different places, attended by between 80,000 and 90,000 women. At every meeting was passed the same resolution expressing sympathy with the women of the International Congress at the Hague. In August of last year the Dutch Anti-War Council, the largest and most influential Peace society in Holland, which up to that time had discussed only the principles of a durable peace, adopted a resolution advocating the establishment of a conference of neutral nations on somewhat similar lines, and through its branches, and in other ways, has brought pressure to bear on the Dutch Government in this direction. On December 9th of last year the question was raised in debate in the States General, and the answer then given by the Prime Minister, M. Cort van der Linden, indicates, if it does not explicitly state, that the subject has been seriously discussed by the neutral nations. The following are the most important sentences:

"It would be the Government's most fervent wish, to have it in its power to hasten the moment when peace will put an end to this fearful War. . . . It seems to me we should do well to wait and see if the idea that justice and civilisation will be better served by negotiations for peace than by a continuance of the War is recognised by the belligerent nations. When this time comes there may be a mission for a small nation to fulfil, which, instead of being declined will be welcomed. Mr. Ruttgers pointed out that even if the moment for mediation has not yet arrived we might call a conference of neutral Powers in order to discuss possible mediation. This idea has been advocated from various sides, but Mr. Ruttgers and his friends underrate the difficulties. Mr. Ruttgers mentioned the calling of a conference, but it is beyond the Government's power to call such a conference; it depends on whether the neutral Powers are willing and prepared to co-operate with us in this way. I wish to be very careful in expressing my thoughts. I do say that there is no wish for co-operation, but Mr. Ruttgers is sure to understand that there may be a difference of opinion, even amongst neutral nations as to the particular moment when deliberations might be effective."

In the United States, whose delegates to the Hague introduced the proposal, continuous mediation by the neutral nations has been widely advocated. It was adopted by the Women's Peace Party at its formation, in January, 1915, and by the National Conference of the Emergency Peace Federation in the following February. It has also been advocated by the Legislature of Wisconsin and many other bodies. The International Peace Congress, held at San Francisco in October, 1915, at which the National Peace Societies of the United States were represented, incorporated the proposal in its programme and sent its president, Dr. David Starr Jordan, to President Wilson with instructions to lay special emphasis on this resolution. In connection with this visit, and as the result of a nation-wide campaign, 20,000 telegrams were sent to the President by associations and individuals in support of the demand. A few weeks later President Wilson received Mme. Rosika Schwimmer (of Hungary) and Mrs. Philip Snowden on the same subject. In connection with this visit, the Women's Peace Party organised the support of the women, and another 20,000 telegrams, this time from women and women's organisations, were sent to the President, urging a conference of neutral nations dedicated to finding a just settlement of the War. On December 21st, 1915, the Socialist Party Executive, from its meeting in Chicago, sent three of its members to President Wilson to urge him to call together such a conference.

GREAT PEACE DEMONSTRATION
Will be held in

TRAFALGAR SQUARE
On EASTER SUNDAY at 3.30 p.m.
COME AND SUPPORT

URGENT.

We very urgently need more helpers in our day nursery; also to hear of more permanent homes for babies.

AN EASTER GREETING
By KATHARINE BRUCE GLASIER.

Will you forgive me, dear comrades, if in these dark days—with a month of work behind me, stretching literally from Liverpool to Penzance, with ten days' anxious nursing thrown in, and now a nine days' run through South Wales, where fresh groups of young and "passionate" pacifists come down to every meeting to make it memorable—will you forgive me if, instead of a conventional article, I write you a love letter—directed to the Idea of you, the East London Federation of Suffragettes, as it has been slowly building itself up in my brain since first I heard of your existence to the day you sounded the call for Human Suffrage?

For you seem to me so gloriously young and brave and beautiful a fighter for Freedom as I see you stand in the prow of your WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT—(a *life*-boat if ever one was built: not a Death-boat, as a wee laddie up North out of his childish wisdom has named the others that men have made)—and you have come from the quarter where least we veterans expected you.

For, here, I must confess it to you, the East End of London has been in the past, to most of us fighters for Freedom who found our spiritual home up in the North for the last quarter of a century, even as was Nazareth to the Jews of old. We could not believe that any good thing could come out of it.

The sheer mass of its millions—the square mileage of its misery as it stretched drearily before our statistic-fed imaginations, the pictures the novelists and the newspapers combined to paint us of the alternate weakness of its mob violence and the strength of its music hall Jingoism, all tended to feed our prejudices.

Love's labour, however faithful, however momentarily successful, we told ourselves, could in the end, in London only be lost.

Whether it was Keir Hardie thrown out of his seat in S.W. Ham, or John Burns netted in to the Cabinet, 'twas all part of the same process. London, especially East London, showed to us as some vast swamp or sandy waste into which great rivers of human energy were for ever flowing, only to be defiled, if not altogether choked and made useless for further human avail.

But the history of the new militant woman's movement, cradled in the North and nurtured in our I.L.P., when it went south to London seemed to us to be going to yield the most pitiful example of them all.

And then we began to hear of you! Of the East London Federation of Suffragettes—of the deputation of working mothers whom Asquith *had* to see and to learn that the vote—that citizenship was desired not only as a feather in a Society woman's picture-hat, but as a working woman's essential shield and sword.

We saw you not only lipping the twin truths of human solidarity and the sacredness of all human life, but *living* it as you toiled for nobler motherhood and to save the babies already born. We saw you with clear-eyed vision refusing methods of destruction: intent always on more abundant life for others—willing, if need be, to die to that end, but never to slay. When the Jingo madness came and your West End sisters flung out their banners to be swollen by its devastating tempests, *your* banner of freedom streamed, as the poet told us it must ever stream, against the wind.

Nay, for my head can work no more, though my heart wells over with love to you whom I have never yet seen in the flesh—let me paraphrase for you the words his comrade, Bruce Glasier, wrote of J. Keir Hardie when he was taken from us.

In the East London Federation of the Suffragettes I have seemed to see embodied *the soul of the working class woman*, bearing with them into all the woman's political agitation, into the general consciousness of the nation that inner dignity and grace of the working woman's soul, set free, expanded and transfigured by the burning spirit of International Socialism: that knows no barriers of race or class or sex, and sets Human Suffrage clear before the world as the only way.

Our "At Home"
FRIDAY, MAY 12th
400 OLD FORD ROAD, BOW, E.
3 to 5.30 p.m. and 8 to 11 p.m.

Several East London readers complain that in our last issue we understated the price of sugar. They say that in the week ending April 8th sugar, which before the War was sold at 1½d. per lb., cost from 5½d. to 6½d. per lb. Various prices are quoted by our correspondents. For instance, a lady who buys her sugar in Chrisp Street, Poplar, says that this sugar costs her 5½d.; whilst another, who shops in Sussex Street, Poplar, says it costs her 6½d. per lb. Another Poplar reader says that she pays 6d. per lb. for lump sugar, which cost her 2d. before the War. The lump sugar she gets now is like chalk. Many readers complain that the moist sugar is dirty and looks like sweepings.

A South African soldier came to our meeting at the Women's Hall on Monday afternoon, having seen the meetings advertised in the DREADNOUGHT. He said that he was in complete sympathy with us but arrived in the Square just too late to help.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE.

THE
WORKERS' SUFFRAGE FEDERATION

To secure Human Suffrage, namely, a Vote for every Woman and Man of full age, and to win Social and Economic Freedom for the People.

Entrance Fee ... ... *1d.*
Subscription... ... ... *1d. a month*

EAST LONDON MEETINGS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 30th.
Osborne Street, 11.30 a.m., Mrs. Bouvier, Miss Lynch.
Mare Street and Morning Lane, 11.30, Miss Stephen.
Victoria Park, 3 p.m., Mrs. Walker, Miss Stephen.
Poplar Women's Hall, 7.30 p.m., Mr. Herbert Burrows. Chair, Mrs. Drake.
MONDAY, MAY 1st.
Custom House, 12 (noon), Mrs. Bouvier, Miss Beamish.
Bow Women's Hall, 3 p.m., Mrs. Cressall, Miss Lynch.
53 St. Leonard's Street, 7.30 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
TUESDAY, MAY 2nd.
Grundy Street, 7 p.m., Miss Lynch, Mrs. Drake.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 3rd.
Chrisp Street, 6.30 p.m., Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Eglinton.
THURSDAY, MAY 4th.
55 Fife Road, 3.30 p.m., Mrs. Cressall, Mrs. Parsons.
40 Glaskin Road, 8 p.m., Miss Stephen.
FRIDAY, MAY 5th.
Poplar Women's Hall, 3 p.m., Mrs. Walshe, Mrs. Drake.
Beckton Road, 7 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
Bow Women's Hall, 8 p.m., Debate.
SATURDAY, MAY 6th.
Grundy Street, 11 a.m., Mrs. Bouvier, Mrs. Drake.
Well Street and Morning Lane, 11 a.m., Miss Lynch, Miss Stephen.
Morpeth Street, 3 p.m., Miss Lynch, Mrs. Eglinton.
SUNDAY, MAY 7th.
HYDE PARK, 3 p.m., Miss Richards, Mrs. Walker.
Bow Women's Hall, 7.30 p.m., Miss Vengerova. "The Russian Woman."

* * * *

BOW.
Women's Hall, 400 Old Ford Road.
Secretary: Miss Lynch.

Miss Price was our speaker on Monday afternoon. We hope that members will tell others about these meetings and make them well known. The next will be on Monday, May 1st. On Friday we had a most interesting debate on "The Failure of Politics." Mr. Sydney Franklin opened the discussion, and all those who were present hope he will come again. The next will be held on Friday, May 5th. Good meetings were held on Saturday at Hague Street, and on Sunday at Osborne Street. The meeting in Victoria Park on Sunday had to be abandoned owing to the rain.

Collections at open-air meetings, 5s. 1d.

DREADNOUGHT sales, week ending April 15th, 1,014. Mrs. Holloway, 330; Miss O'Brien, 250; Miss Lynch, 233; Mrs. Bouvier, 44; Mrs. Watkins, 40; Miss Mackay, 31; General Sales, 86.

Bromley—94.

POPLAR.
20 Railway Street.
Secretary: Mrs. Drake.

Meeting held at 400 Old Ford on Tuesday, instead of this hall, was well attended by our members. Good meeting in Chrisp Street on Friday. Stall on Saturday in Chrisp Street postponed owing to Chandos Hall meeting. Good indoor meeting on Friday to hear Mrs. Gregory. Mr. Fletcher and Mrs. Hobhouse gave excellent addresses on Sunday evening, and Miss D. Matthew recited. We could not get a hall in Poplar for the Russian lecture, so this will be held in Lees Hall, Canning Town, and we must work hard to make it a success. Tickets 2d. each. Who will sell at the Dock Gates from 12 to 1 on Sundays? The DREADNOUGHT would go well here with a special effort. Mrs. Summerfield is thanked for flowers.

Collections, Miss E. Lagading, 4s. 3d.; Mrs. Drake, 7s. 6½d.; D. Morley and K. Lagading, 11s. 5½d.; donation per Mrs. Rounce, 4d.; donation to General Fund, Mr. P. Clarke, 10s.; collection, Miss Bennett, 1s. 1½d.; collections, 3s. 4½d.; subscriptions for March, 15s.

Paper sales not all in.

HACKNEY.
40 Glaskin Road.
Secretary: Miss Stephen.

Good attendance at last branch meeting, and distinctly encouraging. It was decided to run a social and dance, further particulars of which will be given shortly. All willing to assist kindly communicate at once. Open-air meeting in Well Street on Saturday very good. Collection, 1s. 6d. DREADNOUGHT sales for week, 70.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Mrs. Boyce's temporary headquarters are at Athena Cottage, Delavel Gardens, Benwell.

A meeting in the Assembly Rooms has been arranged for Tuesday evening, April 25th. The speakers include Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Mr. E. R. Jackson, Mr. Alexander Taylor, and Mrs. Boyce. Several good open-air meetings have been held. DREADNOUGHT sales and collections, etc., amounted to £1 9s. 3d. for the week.

Dear Editor,—I am at Folkestone on the way to rejoin my regiment in Flanders, but before leaving England I must write and tell you how much I admire your efforts to obtain some sort of fair hearing in Trafalgar Square yesterday.

I have been home on leave for a few days, and have been appalled at the state of affairs in England. It is incredible that the better sense of the nation should have been so wholly and entirely cowed by this gang of politicians and newspaper proprietors, and I am very grateful to have heard one effort to recover the right of free speech and free opinion for the country. I feared to return to France without seeing a single united effort to do so.

We are in a worse state than Germany, far worse. This domination of illegal committees in every department of State is so complete and powerful it needs strong and brave people to dare to combat it. Good luck to your efforts.

LIEUTENANT, Rifle Brigade, B.E.F.

A MODEL LAUNDRY.—Family work a speciality. Dainty fabrics of every description treated with special care. Flannels and silks washed in distilled water. No chemicals used. Best labour only employed. Prompt collection; prompt delivery.—Bullens, Cressy House Laundry, Reynolds Road, Acton Green, W.

GIVE THIS PAPER TO A FRIEND.

ANOTHER VICTORY

The women of the Canadian Province of Saskatchewan have just won the vote. The three Canadian Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, where women now vote, have an area of 758,817 square miles and a population of 1,312,709. Premier Scott said that it was not until five years ago, when Miss Barbara Wylie, an English suffragette, had visited Saskatchewan, that any organised movement towards gaining the franchise for women had begun.

Lieutenant Governor Lake said: "In future years the one outstanding feature of your legislative programme will be the enfranchisement of women. For this reason the year 1916 will always stand as one of the milestones in our history. . . . I am confident that the women of our land fully appreciate the responsibilities that go with the ballot, and that they will always earnestly strive by their voices and votes to strengthen and improve not only our legislative institutions, but all the laws governing our people as well."

At a large meeting of the Legislature the Bill was passed by a large majority.

* * *

The Women's Service Guild of Perth, Western Australia, has sent the following resolutions to the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth:

1. "That we Australian women belonging to the Empire request our representatives at the Imperial Conference to be held immediately the War is over, and at the Congress of the Powers to follow, to press for the granting of the franchise to women as essential to a true democracy and to the highest interests of the Empire."

2. "That we request our representatives to urgently endeavour to secure that the question of Women Suffrage be included in the programme of the Congress of the Powers."

In a covering letter they write:

The women of Australia, together with the women of New Zealand *alone* of British women will be directly represented at the Imperial Conference to be held immediately the War is over, and, indirectly, at the Congress of the Powers which will follow that Conference.

We appreciate the fact that we have Human Suffrage in this great new land of ours, believing that the natural relations of the sexes is interdependence and co-operation, and that the repression of the rights and liberty of one sex inevitably works injury to the other, and hence to the whole race.

They add—

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer at the commencement of the war uttered these words: "We see in this War the collapse of a European civilisation which has thought it just to exclude from direct political representation the peace-loving half of the human race."

We do not know when this statement was made by Mr. Lloyd George. We have not heard of it before, and should like to know when he is going to begin to build up a new civilisation in which women will have an equal part.

* * *

Women are holding their first Congress in Mexico—there are 700 delegates. The Convention has under consideration the most adequate measures for the enfranchisement of woman and the betterment of her condition socially.

At a Council meeting of the W.I.L. on April 13th, a resolution was unanimously passed calling attention to Mr. Asquith's statement at Lancaster House on April 10th, in which he said:—

"The Chancellor first misquotes my language and then proceeds to distort its obvious meaning and intention. Great Britain, and France also, entered the War not to strangle Germany, not to wipe her off the map of Europe, not to destroy or mutilate her national life, certainly not to interfere with (to use the Chancellor's language), 'the free exercise of her peaceful endeavours.'"

And, "As a result of the war we intend to establish the principle that international problems must be handled by free negotiation on equal terms between free peoples, and that this settlement shall no longer be hampered and swayed by the over-mastering dictation of a Government controlled by a military caste. That is what I mean by the destruction of the military domination of Prussia: nothing more but nothing less."

The W.I.L. welcomes Mr. Asquith's elucidation of the phrase "the military dominion of Prussia wholly and finally destroyed," which has been the subject of so much controversy, but it wisely *regrets that Mr. Asquith gave no indication of preparedness to enter into peace negotiations.*

SUNDAY MEETING.
POPLAR WOMEN'S HALL,
20, RAILWAY STREET.
APRIL 30th, at 7.30 p.m.
Speaker - - Mr. HERBERT BURROWS.
"The Future of Woman, Political, Industrial, Social."
Chair - - MRS. DRAKE.
Music. Admission, 2d.

* * * *

LANDLORDS AGAIN
BARKING COUNCILLOR'S MISDEEDS.

A Barking Councillor, *Robert Carter*, house agent, of Ripple Road, raised the rents of houses in Keith Road from 7s. to 7s. 6d. a week last January, and did not reduce them after the passage of the Rent Act. On April 10th some Barking ladies who are members of the W.L.L. and the W.S.F., canvassed the tenants, who decided to refuse to pay the extra 6d., and to demand the return of the 6s. which they have paid in sixpences since November 25th. The agent said he had expected the stoppage of the extra weekly rent, but refused to refund the arrears. The tenants are therefore stopping the arrears out of this week's rent.

Councillor Young, landlord and house agent of Cranbourne Road, Ilford, is again giving trouble. When one of his tenants deducted the arrears of illegal increase he gave her notice to quit and a booklet, in which he had underlined the statement that the landlord may give notice if he wants the premises for himself or some person in his employ. We hope that Young will try to press this matter. He will certainly lose the case, and he deserves a sharp lesson.

Councillor Blake is revenging himself on those of his tenants who have refused to pay increased rent by refusing repairs.

Donations to be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Dr. Tchaykovsky, Langham House, Harrow, or Hon. Financial Secretary, Miss N. L. Smyth, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.
All parcels to 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

MOTHERS AND BABIES.

THE MOTHER'S ARMS,
438 OLD FORD ROAD, BOW.

Day nursery from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. Doctor's consultation and baby-weighing, Mondays, 2.30 p.m. Mothers and babies can consult Nurse at any time.

20 RAILWAY STREET, POPLAR
(opposite South Bromley Station).

Doctor's consultation and baby-weighing, Tuesdays, 3 p.m. Nurse may be seen at any time.

53 ST. LEONARD'S STREET, BROMLEY-BY-BOW.

Doctor's consultation and baby-weighing, Tuesdays, 2 p.m.

55 FIFE ROAD, CANNING TOWN.

Doctor's consultation and baby-weighing, Tuesdays, 4 p.m.

All mothers and children are welcome.

COST PRICE RESTAURANTS at 400 Old Ford Road, and 20 Railway Street. Dinners from 12 till 2 p.m. daily.

WANTS.

Subscriptions to the milk and food fund. Doctoring and nursing can help little if mothers and children are unable to obtain the nourishment that is ordered.

New laid eggs, barley, glaxo, virol, for invalids. Medicine bottles, clothing and shoes for adults and boys and girls of all ages.

For baby, four gowns, four barrows, two flannel bands, twelve napkins, three vests, and a cot blanket; for mother, two nightgowns, woollen shawl, three towels, two sheets, and a pair of pillow cases.

Growing plants and cut flowers for all our centres. We should be grateful to friends who would supply us regularly during the spring and summer. We also need vegetables and fruit.

More cupboards are needed at all our centres.

Nurse needs empty medicine bottles at her dispensary.

GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

GENERAL FUND.—Mrs. Roberts, £2; Arthur Lewis, Esq., £1; Miss J. E. Weir, £1; P. Clarke, Esq., 10s.; Miss W. Thomas (per Miss Rintel), 5s. 6d.; Miss E. Jenkins (per *Herald*), 5s.; Miss E. Smith, 3s.; Mrs. Rae, 2s. 6d.; Anon (per Miss Smyth), 2s. 6d.; Miss M. Renthe (monthly), 2s. 6d.; Mr. Dempster (per Mrs. Parsons), 2s.; E. J. Johncock, Esq., 2s.; F. Thomas, Esq., 2s.; Miss Laws, 1s. 1d.; J. Abrahams, Esq., 1s.; Mrs. Schnacke, 1s.

"DREADNOUGHT" FUND.—Per Mrs. Holloway, 3s.; Miss Frisby, 2s. 6d.

GENERAL DISTRESS.—Mrs. Singer, £3 4s. 6d.; Anon "Eldest Allington Bridport," £1; Mrs. Fox, £1; Mrs. Mintern Scott, 17s. 10d.; Mrs. Richmond (fortnightly), 10s.; Miss Raisin (monthly), 10s.; Miss Pole, 6s. 2d.; Miss E. Morgan, 5s.; A Tasmanian Gentleman, 5s.; T. J. Macfarlane, Esq., 5s.; a friend (per Rev. C. A. Wills), 3s. 3d.; W. Fawcett, Esq., 2s. 6d.; J. B., 2s. 6d.; a friend (monthly), 2s. 6d.; Arthur Cope, Esq., 2s. 6d.; Miss Burgess, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Schurr (1s. 2d. weekly), 2s. 4d.; Mr. Stiebel (weekly), 1s.; M.K., £50; Mrs. Tredget, 3s.; Leslie Vandyk, Esq., 5s.; in memory of Elsie Grant Michaelson, from A. Michaelson, 5s.

COLLECTIONS.—L.S.A. Toolroom, £1 10s. 1d.; Chandos Hall meeting, £1 3s. 6½d.; for Demonstration, 17s. 7½d.; open-air meetings (per Miss Lynch), 7s. 7½d.; S.A. Factory, 6s. 9½d., Miss Fitzpatrick (Babies' House), 5s. 6d.; per Mrs. Cressall, 4s. 9d.; Milk-box, Chandos Hall (per Miss Vine), 3s.

SELF DENIAL.—Mrs. Sneddon, 2s. 6d.; Anon, 1s.

DEMONSTRATION EXPENSES.—Anon, £5; C. W. Ball, Esq., 5s.; H. W. Nevinson, Esq., £1 1s.

RESTAURANT.—Anon "Eldest Allington," £1; H. Pearce, Esq., 2s.

CLOTHES, ETC.—Mrs. Pitkin, Mrs. D. Samuel, Mrs. Boswell, 5th and 6th Forms County Secondary Schools, Cassland Road, per Miss Bandulska, a friend in Essex Miss E. Jenkinson.

GROCERIES AND PILLOW CASES.—Hampstead W.S.P.U.

"THE PUBLIC"

Mr. Henderson has been up to the Clyde talking nonsense. At a meeting of boilermakers on April 15th he said that he was inclined to think that a small minority of trade unionists had "lost a significant opportunity of placing the public of the whole Empire under an everlasting debt of gratitude to them." Of course, "the small minority" to which Mr. Henderson referred consists of the workers who have stood out against the exploitation of aggressive employers. But who and what is "the public"? We conclude Mr. Henderson considers that the public is made up of the employers, the Government, and the Press; for certainly any gratitude which the workers may owe is due to those who have refused to allow the standard of working-class life to be lowered. All poor people have benefited by the Coal Act and the Rent Act, which were won by the strikers in South Wales and on the Clyde!

* * * *

Mr. Asquith suggested to the deputation of attested married men that "some simple machinery" should be devised "before which, or by means of which, a man could say: 'I was misled, I claim to be exempted.'"

Does Mr. Asquith intend that this machinery shall be like that of the Tribunals before which the conscientious objectors are expected to state their case? If so, married men will find that the machinery is absolutely useless to them; and if it is not intended that the machinery shall be the same, why not?

* * * *

The contemptible suggestion that the attested married men should act as spies and sleuth-hounds for pressing single men into the army has been assented to by the Government.

WANTED, Situation as Shorthand Typist.—Apply, Box 100, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

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